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AMENITIES OF WAR.

How McClellan and Custer Treated an Old West Point Comrade.

In the summer of 1862, when Generals McClellan and Joe Johnston were commanding the two opposing armies in the attack and defense of Richmond, a freak of fate or decree of destiny ordered a singular coincidence in the situation of the Northern and Southern cadets. Custer was acting on General McClellan's staff, and his former friend on that of General Johnston, each as aid to the commanding Generals of the Northern and Southern armies. On the day of the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, the Confederate commander was severely wounded by a shell, and his place afterwards filled by General Lee.

The same Johnston's young aid was captured by the enemy while in the discharge of his duty, and taken to McClellan's headquarters as a prisoner of distinction. He had been known to the Federal General when at West Point, and being courteously recognized was treated with much consideration. Here, too, he met several young officers who had been cadets at the same time with him, by whom he was welcomed with much cordiality and glee—kindest and most cordial was Custer. It was a singular, a striking scene; one that merits description among the incidents of a sectional war. The blue jackets greeting the gray, foes meeting as friends, hands clasping kindly that were armed in deadly strife against each other.

Just a small green spot in the dreary desert of war. To Custer's care McClellan especially consigned the young Confederate officer, with the charge, givet in a serio-comic tone, that "The prisoner should not be treated very severely, but allowed a cigar and other refreshments occasionally." So that night there was rather a jollification in one of the headquarters' tents which the party occupied, rehearsing scenes at West Point, in which they had mingled, "skylarking" at Benny Haven's and other hap-hazard frolics, stories of study and drill, and mutual inquiries for friends scattered South and North amid the ranks of the contending armies. Afterward, when the Confederate prisoner was ordered to be sent to Fort Delaware, in parting with his acquaintance again, Custer, his generous guardian, suddenly struck with a kind thought, exclaimed impulsively: "You must have some money, Jim; those pictures in your pockets (Confederate currency) don't pass up there;" and in spite of the earnest protest of his friend, who assured him he could really draw on relatives in Baltimore for needed funds, finding it impossible to persuade him to take the money he offered, stepped up and stuffed some notes in his vest pocket, nolens volens. Such acts are only prompted by a noble heart. During his detention at General McClellan's headquarters, while one day the Federal and Confederate officers were seated together under a tree, an itinerant artist seized on the striking effect of the singular situation and promptly portrayed them in a photograph. As an amusing and appropriate addition to the scene, Custer had a negro boy seated at their feet, putting, as he said laughingly, "the irrepressible conflict between them." This picture attracted much notice from the press at the time with the singularity of the circumstances and incidents attending upon the meeting of the two youg men.—*Mrs. E. R. Washington, in Philadelphia Times.*

Suicide in St. Paul's Cathedral.

An act of suicide was committed recently in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. A gentleman forming one in a party of visitors, who had paid the usual admission fee to inspect the crypts, the upper galleries, the lantern and other parts of the edifice not gratuitously exhibited, had been in due course conducted into the whispering gallery. Thence he was observed to stray into the belfry tower, where, it is stated, he was found in a kneeling attitude, and apparently engaged in prayer. After a time, one of the workmen employed in the clock-tower went up to the kneeling stranger and told him that the public were not admitted to that particular portion of the building. He consequently returned to the whispering gallery. No special notice was taken of him, there being nothing in his conduct to excite suspicion; when suddenly the verger in charge of the party of sightseers was horrified at seeing the stranger precipitate himself over the railings of the gallery. A heavy, crashing thud was heard as the body of the unfortunate man was whirled through the air and flung on to a mass of chairs under the dome. Had he fallen on the stone pavement his brains would probably have been dashed out, and every bone in his body might have been broken. As it was, his death was not the less horrible. He had fallen from a height of 101 feet, and a couple of chairs were snapped in two by the violent concussion of the descending body, while the leg of one of these chairs had passed completely through the chest of the unhappy suicide. On the removal of the corpse to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a considerable sum in gold was found in the pockets, together with some jewelry and two letters addressed "T. W. Stevens." It is a coincidence curiously worth noting that on the same afternoon a woman named Agnes Duncan threw herself from a house-landing, fifty feet from the ground, at Dundee, in Scotland, and was instantaneously killed. This woman had shown signs of lunacy, but she had contrived to elude the vigilance of those in charge of her.

Adrianople.

Adrianople is situated at the confluence of the Tundja, the Maritza and the Arda, and is about 135 miles from Constantinople. Its population has been variously estimated at from 80,000 to 140,000 inhabitants. According to the most trustworthy accounts, about half of these are Turks, thirty thousand Bulgarians and Greeks, and the remainder Jews and Armenians. Adrianople was taken by the Turks from the Greek Emperors in 1362, and was made the Capital of the Turkish Empire, remaining so until Constantinople was seized in 1453. It is at present virtually an open town. The old part is surrounded by a wall and contains a citadel, but these are now useless as defenses. Recently more modern works have been constructed by the Turks, but these are ohly of field or at most of a provisional type. In the opinion of Von Moltke, the hollow roads, ditches and garden walls without the town afford great facilities for its defense, and the approaches may be covered with troops drawn up so as to rest upon the river, but only in corps of not less than 30,000 or 40,000 men. The town is, however, over looked by heights on every side, and, consequently, it would be hardly possible to hold it against an army provided with modern artillery. The first view of Adrianople is described by Von Moltke as being wonderfully beautiful, the white minarets and the lead-roofed cupolas of the mosques, baths and caravanseries rising in countless numbers above the endless mass of flat roofs and the broad tops of the plane trees. The country around it is also exceedingly lovely. From the valleys of the rivers hills rise up gently, but to a considera- height, covered with vineyards and orchards; and as far as the eye can reach it sees nothing but fertile fields, groves of fruit trees and flourishing villages. Within, however, the streets are narrow and irregular, the shelving roofs of many of the houses projecting so as to meet those on the opposite side of the way.—*New York Herald.*

A Touching Letter.

Every one knows the story of the little girl who, wishing to ask something of heaven, wrote a letter to God, which she put into the hands of the Virgin's statue in the parish church.

A circumstance nearly analogous has taken place near Marchiennes, in Belgium. A girl named Blanche was in the service of Monsieur and Madame C., who were much attached to her on account of her fidelity and piety. Some days ago Madame C. fell ill and died very suddenly.

The day after her death, Blanche, profiting by a moment when the corpse, already prepared for the grave, was alone, made her way into the chamber of death, lifted the shroud and then retired precipitately.

Those who saw her suspected she might have been trying to pilfer the jewelry of the corpse. Search was made and nothing was found missing, but there was a letter in the dead woman's hand. This being opened was discovered to be a letter from Blanche to her mother, dead a long time before. It was as follows:

MY DEAR AND GOOD MOTHER: This is to let you know that M. R. has asked me to marry him; as you are no longer here I beg you will let me know, in a dream, if I ought to marry him, and to give me your consent. In order to communicate with you I profit by the occasion of Mme. C., who is going to heaven.

This letter, which bore the superscription, "To my mother Josephine, who is in heaven!" is truly a poem of ingenuous piety.

THREE hundred men witnessed a fight between 10 dogs and a bear in Sharpsburg, Ky. The battle lasted two hours and a half, and then was drawn, for the bear attacked a horse, and there was a stampede of the spectators.

Turkey After the War.

Turkey is not to be struck from the map of Europe; the Government of the Sultan is to retain its place among the powers of the world. These assured facts were brought to the public knowledge upon the cessation of hostilities last week.

The Russian terms for the establishment of an armistice were not only approved by Germany and Austria, but they received the acquiescence of England, and were agreed to by the Turkish Government itself. Turkey came to a conclusion upon them, without argument or remonstrance, as soon as they were submitted to her; and the Beaconsfield Ministry acquiesced in them immediately after they had reached London last Friday morning. They would not have been thus dealt with if they had involved the tearing to pieces of the Turkish Empire, or the expulsion of the Sultan from Europe. Turkey is prostrate, it is true; but she is not yet so powerless as to submit quietly to murder. Had Russia imposed intolerable terms, she could have done more than remonstrate; she could have given the enemy another year of war; she could have withstood him at Adrianople; she could have led him through several hard campaigns before reaching Constantinople; and she could have brought to the defense of that city a military and naval force that would have put his army to a severer trial than it has had since it crossed the Danube. The Turkish Government could, and assuredly it would, even by itself, have made its destruction a costly and a dangerous business to the enemy.

Had the terms been fatal to Turkey, England would undoubtedly have resisted them. Immediately after the Russians had crossed the Balkans, the British Government ordered the fleet to the Dardanelles, took steps to procure a war grant from Parliament, and otherwise prepared for the approach of hostilities; and, though Lord Beaconsfield informed the House of Lords that these measures were not to be regarded as a departure from the ground of neutrality, it is very evident that they were not adopted upon the theory that peace would be maintained. A change of policy, immediate and complete, on the part of the British Government, followed the reception of the Russian terms, which were thus shown, not only to be not adverse to British interests, but to be such as Turkey herself could properly consider.

Turkey, then, yet an independent power, and holding the place and the authority which she held before the war, now enters into negotiations with Russia for the formation of a treaty of peace. It is only the basis for an armistice that has thus far been determined, and found acceptable to all parties. The provisions of the final treaty have yet to be discussed and acted upon; but it is to be assumed that these are foreshadowed in the terms that have been agreed upon, and that Russian exactions will not go much further.

Russian menaces against Turkey have run high during the past year, especially after Russian victories. The Turks were to be driven across the Bosphorus, and Turkey was to be obliterated from the map of Europe. But there is a question for other Governments than the Government of the Czar: "After Turkey, what?" Are the tributary principalities to be made independent powers, and likewise Bulgaria, Roumelia, and the other Turkish provinces? Or is Austria to take Bosnia, Russia that part of Bessarabia which she lost after the Crimean war, Italy Albania, Greece Thessaly, and so on? Or is there to be a confederation of antagonistic States? What of Constantinople? How are the water lines between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean to be controlled? How are the millions of Turks, who own the land, constitute the fighting population, and are the traditional rulers of the country, to be dealt with? What is Germany to have, and how is England to look at the whole business? These and other questions, full of danger and confusion, rise in the mind of the statesman, when the breaking up of Turkey is the subject of thought. Turkey could not be broken up without widespread war—war in Turkey itself, and probably among all the powers of Europe.

Turkey, then, will continue to exist. There will be provision made in the treaty of peace for changes affecting its political administration in some respects. It will be provided that some of the provinces shall have Christian Governors, that reforms which Russia has never adopted in her own dominions shall be carried out, and that the Great Powers, especially Russia, shall keep watch over the new state of things. Turkey will doubtless accept these terms in the treaty of peace, as she has accepted them in the basis for an armistice. She has now a progressive Government, a Constitution, and a Parliament; and it is to be hoped that Russia will not take umbrage at the existence of these.—*New York Sun.*

Love and Murder.

A recent dispatch from Auburn, N. Y., says: The trial of Edmund J. Hoppin, on a charge of murder, was brought to a close here yesterday. Last fall he killed Philip S. Proudfit, the faithless lover of his sister. His defense was that Proudfit's villainy had caused the ruin of his sister, and the death, through grief, of his mother; and that these things had made him temporarily insane, so that he was not responsible for his acts at the time of the homicide. The trial lasted four days, and was watched with eager interest by assemblies that frequently manifested warm sympathy for the prisoner. The jury retired at 4 o'clock yesterday, and at 7 returned to the court-room with a verdict of acquittal. This result was greeted with a storm of applause, and the people pressed eagerly forward to shake Hoppin's hands.

At the prisoner's side throughout the trial his sweetheart, Mary Turner, had sat during every session of the Court. They were matrimonially engaged, and she had consented that, no matter what the verdict might be, they should be married as soon as possible afterward. On the announcement of the acquittal she rapturously kissed her lover, and was herself kissed by him and many of the women were around her. The presiding Judge, the District Attorney, and the jurymen congratulated the pair, and accompanied them at once to the residence of the Rev. T. J. Allen. Court officers and spectators followed, in numbers sufficient to crowd the parsonage. The lovers stood up in their midst for the ceremony.

"I am confident," said the clergyman, "that I express the sentiments of all your many friends and the voice of the whole people, when I say that I rejoice in your acquittal as a triumph of love, truth, and justice—a justice written deep in the human heart which can not be expressed in the language of human law. While I appreciate the position of honor and responsibility sustained by his Honor the Judge, your attorney and counsel, and the jury now present to witness this happy scene, I prize the privilege of plighting your love to one another before God and society, and pronouncing you husband and wife as second to none of these. To pronounce you, sir, a happy husband is as great an honor as to pronounce you acquitted by the Court, and allowed to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the birthright of every American citizen."

The ceremony was followed by a jolly, old-fashioned wedding-party.

A Father's Terrible Crime.

A Pittsburg dispatch of the 29th ult. is as follows: Frank Lynch, a would-be suicide, was arrested on the Fort Wayne Railroad bridge over the Allegheny last night, the officer coming upon him while he was preparing to jump While being taken to the station-house Lynch confessed to having murdered his little child, a boy two years and a half old, by throwing him into the river on the night of the 15th of December. At that time Mrs. Lynch was living at Glenfield, a few miles down the river, having separated from her husband and retaining the child. She came to this city, bringing the child with her, was met at the station by her husband and on her way over the river they quarreled. Lynch knocked the woman down and seizing the child fled. He secreted himself until dark and then started over the river. On his way over, he says, the thought struck him that now was the time to end the little one's troubles, and lifting him in his arms dropped him into the stream. He got work on a steamboat the next day and went down the river, but his conscience troubled him, and when he went home a few days ago he went to his wife and confessed the deed, and while she was overcome with the tidings he again made his escape. An information for murder was made against him, and the officer following him to this city was just in time to prevent self-murder. Lynch has been committed for trial.

A Goose Story Well Told.

Of all domestic fowls the goose is the longest-lived. One died a few days ago near Baltimore that was hatched in 1824, on the day that Lafayette visited that city, and during the 53 years of its life its owner, now living at an advanced age, believed that she has realized, from feathers and goslings, between five and six hundred dollars. Although this specimen was not the fowl that laid the golden egg, she produced for her owner a pecuniary reward nearly equal to her weight in gold.

Hydrophobia's Horrors.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* gives the following particulars of the recent fatal case of hydrophobia at Chicopee in that State:

Ashbel Buckland, of Chicopee, who was bitten by a vagrant dog November 25, is dead of hydrophobia. His mind was clear until a few moments before his death, when he said to his friends that he "would show them how a Christian could die." His only regret at the approach of death, as expressed to his physician, was that "it seemed hard that a strong, well man should have to go for a dog."

The hot vapor was tried in this case and discontinued, because the moisture caused convulsions, and the sick man entreated his friends to stop it. The vapor was not let directly upon his person, but came from another room. The noise of boiling water, the use of the words "water, drinking, or dog," caused severe convulsions. Morphine in large doses injected under the skin proved of no value, and, as he could swallow no liquid, medicine in that form was not tried. During Wednesday Mr. Buckland became more quiet, but in the evening his throat and mouth filled with frothy mucous, so as to cause choking and efforts at vomiting for relief. From this his strength failed rapidly until death came, apparently from exhaustion, the man being worn out with want of rest, sleep, and almost constant motion. The efforts to clear his throat were followed by great prostration, and convulsive movements also became more frequent in the last hours of life. During the day he was seen by Drs. Carpenter and Blodgett of Holyoke, Bartlett and Chapman of Chicopee, Smith of Indian Orchard, and Thompson of Belchertown. The physicians, without exception, pronounced the case one of unquestionable hydrophobia, and concur with Dr. Smith in the opinion that the treatment by curara offered the best hope of any remedy. The family, attendants, and all who watched the progress of the disease are convinced that the effects of this drug were most favorable, keeping the patient more quiet, and relieving the disease of many of its terrors. Dr. Smith injected the drug under the skin every hour and oftener, giving at each injection from one-fourth to one-third grain, giving during the day upwards of seven grains, sufficient, he thinks, to throughly test its value. Mr. Buckland expressed frequently his belief that the medicine was doing him great good, urged the doctor to use it very freely, without fear, saying: "I can only die; I must die without this; it helps me; I feel that it may effect a cure from the relief it gives to these spasms." This testimony, sustained by all the friends who saw the sick man, enabled the doctor to fully test the drug. It was certainly used with nerve and courage sufficient to prove the full service of the medicine. The doctor thinks his experience in this case teaches him that the cure for hydrophobia is not yet discovered, but that the use of curara has been followed by such great relief in this case, that he should certainly recommend its use in another case, if administered by an intelligent physician who could be on the ground constantly to carefully watch its effects. The relief in this case was certainly very great, and the remedy was followed by no paralysis or unfavorable symptom traceable to the drug. It requires nerve to inject into a man's blood every hour or so a dose doubly sufficient to cause paralysis and almost instant death in a well man. The fortitude and restraint manifested by Mr. Buckland astonished all who saw him. The disease caused intense agony to himself and friends, and in his death the world has lost a good and valuable man.

Climate Changed by Cultivation.

Apropos of the general theory that marked changes in climate are consequent upon the settlement of a region, Mr. Landsborough, an explorer of note, gives the result of his observations in Australia. Keeping sheep is no longer profitable there, as it used to be, but, on the other hand, large tracts of land that were worthless before have latterly become fit for agriculture. There is a decided increase of forests and of moisture in parts of Australia, giving hopes that eventually the whole interior desert may be reclaimed. The direct effect of sheep-raising has been to keep down the tall grass which formerly afforded material for destructive fires. The trees, young and old, had been periodically burned by these fires, until, the country becoming almost treeless, its climate had been rendered arid and its soil sterile. If the facts in Australia can be established, they will afford the most remarkable instance yet recorded of climate being modified by the labors and surroundings of civilized man.—*Detroit News.*